Massartist

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"GALLERY HIGHLIGHTS" M. Foulds & R. Blaisdell

Hark all gallery viewers for a Christmas special! Coming soon at the Margaret Brown Gallery will be a Liturgical Arts Exhibit! Represented here will be such notables as Matisse, Calder, and Roualt! In the architectural department will be Jose Sert and Marcel Breuer.

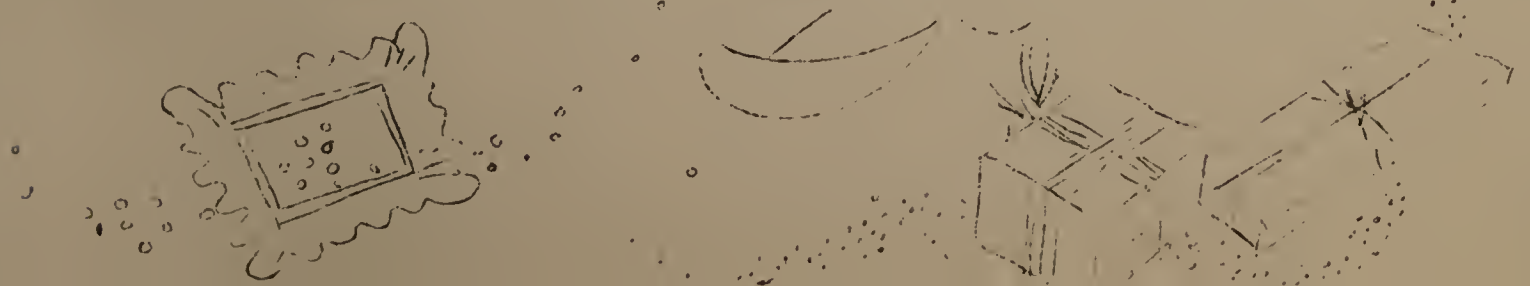
Presently at the Shore Gallery is a one-man showing of water colors by John Whorf of Provincetown. Exhibiting around Boston for the past twenty-five years, Whorf's able technique has been consistent throughout with little or no change to the pleasure of some and the annoyance of others! Included here are such familiar local scenes as Tremont St. in the rush hour, the Market district in snowtime, the steps of the Public Library in the rain, as in contrast with such subject matter as sea shores, hunting and fishing scenes. Here we find a conflicting love of urban life as opposed to his fondness of rustic locales.

Graphic Arts take the limelight at the famed Albert H. Wiggin Gallery of the Boston Public Library. Featured here is the late John Taylor Arms (1987 - 1953) one of America's all time great etcher's. A graduate of Princeton and of M. I. T., Arms went on to become not only a master of the Graphic Arts but an etcher with enormous influence on the quality of the Graphic Arts of our time!

For anyone lucky enough to be New York bound over the holidays, be sure to look up the celebrated Spanish artist, Salvador Dali, who is opening his latest one-man show at the Carstairs Gallery. Such ominous situations as "Soft watch exploding in 888 particles after twenty years of total immobility," and The flesh of the decollete of my wife, clothed, outstripping light at full speed," will be depicted!

Christmas shoppers! The Institute of Contemporary Art has a choice selection of gifts, books, reproductions, cards, and hard-to-find, happy-to-get gifts which may be purchased at the Special Sales Desk in the Second Floor Galleries.

The unusual, the down-to-earth and practical, the imaginative, or the luxurious can be found at the "Design for Christmas" exhibit also at the Institute! Under the direction of Carl F. Zahn, two hundred and eighty well-designed consumer products have been selected from national and international sources, and are festively displayed. This is the fifth edition of the Institute's Christmas show, and for the first time, it will be shown simultaneously by two museums - Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, and the Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta. It has been generously sponsored again by John C. Dowd, Inc. Advertising in the interest of better product design. The objects on display were selected by jury for their esthetic appeal, usefulness, inventiveness, and economy!



"THE ROVING REPORTER"

Mary Faulds

QUESTION: How do you feel about our new accredited rating?

Dick Chase - "I don't know what to say !"

Karyl Nader - "Oh, beauty !"

Josephine Di Mauno & Dolores Di Napoli - "This is real cool!"

Phil Myren - "Will the accreditation affect the entrance requirements in the future? Will there be more academic subjects?"

Lawrence Perry - "We are?? Tremendous!!"

Marion Kubacki - "I am now on par with the Harvard set!"

Eddie Zides - "It is about time!"

Al Surman - "I think it's advantageous if a student wants to further his training. I certainly can't see anything detrimental to the fact that we have it!"

John Erickson - "It sounds impressive!"

Anony Muss - "We don't have to walk around like peasants anymore!"

Rose Gavrilles - "The next thing I would like to see done would be the opportunity to apply for a Master's Degree here!"

Mr. Thompson - "I think it is a good idea. Now you can go to school and take a curriculum that is comparable to other schools of like character."

Lois Gans - "I think it will be a great asset to the student body not only during their four year course of study at Mass. Art, but in applying for graduate work at other colleges and universities."

Dick MacLean - "Now I can go to Yale."

A COUNTRY BOY LOOKS AT A BOSTON PARADE by I. M. Hayseed

For three years now, the day after every parade in Boston, people have come up to me and asked, "Did you see the parade yesterday?" and with my quiet, "No," they've looked at me as if I had just committed the most heinous crime and remarked, "Oh, but you don't know what you've missed," and walked away, shaking their heads. Well, I didn't know what I'd missed and from now on I'll gladly miss it.

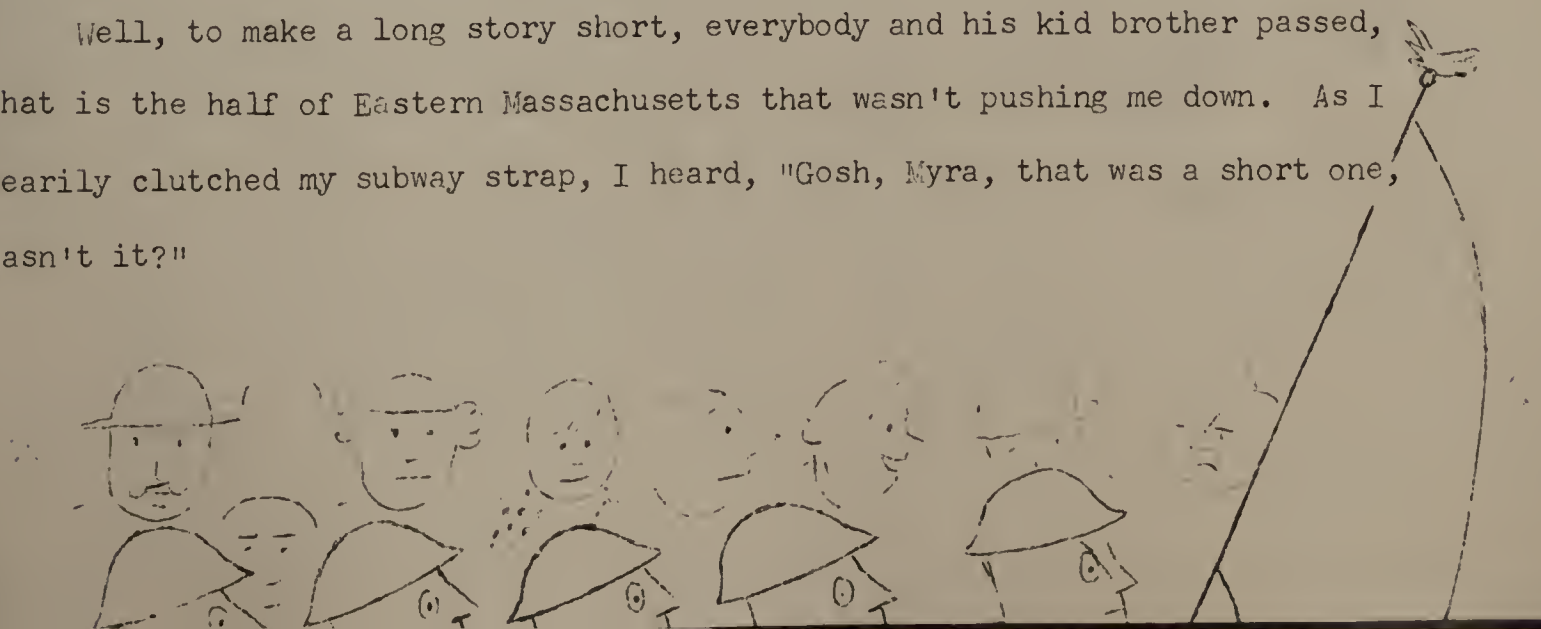
As long as we had Veteran's Day (Armistice Day to all squares) off, I decided to break down and see a Boston parade.

So I innocently walked down to Filene's corner, which I had noticed was along the route. Seeing the crowd already gathered, I figured the parade was soon to go by. After I waited about ten minutes, I started to cross the street for a better view. A kindly gendarme said in dulcet tones, "Hey, bud, you can't cross now, the parade's coming." I couldn't see anything, but being a little meek, I waited. And waited. And waited. Already my feet were killing me and the parade hadn't even come within sight.

At last it came. The crowd pressed forward. The policemen pushed the crowd back, and there I stood in the middle. I said to myself, "Golly, gee, this is fun." Then at a break in the line of march, "Wasn't that a nice parade?" After a couple of Legion posts, three VFW groups, two ambulances, and a drunken sailor, "This was a nice parade," followed in a half hour by, "This was a nice parade?" Even later, "They aren't going around in circles are they?" No, I found out, they weren't. I hadn't seen the aunts of the World War Two veterans from West Oshkosh go by before. Now, you won't believe this, but the uncles followed them. That wasn't bad, but upon seeing their grandparents, I was ready to fly.

To put it mildly, at four I was rather disgusted. As I was about to go, a small voice beside me said, "Say, Myra, you ain't seen nothin' until you see them majorettes from North Cupcake." Though my name isn't Myra, I was still anxious to see the baton twirlers, being an old hand at it myself. Of course, that wasn't my only interest, but we'll forget it for now. They finally came, all of them "before" ads for the Playtex people.

Well, to make a long story short, everybody and his kid brother passed, that is the half of Eastern Massachusetts that wasn't pushing me down. As I wearily clutched my subway strap, I heard, "Gosh, Myra, that was a short one, wasn't it?"



FOR THE NUMBERLESS YOUNG ARTISTS

By Adjective McFlowerpot

Throughout the painful pageant of history one question has gnawed, as it were, at the mind of the artist.

"How can I best express myself graphically and yet retain an intrinsic hyperspacial relationship to the angular and textural juxtaposition of my relative aesthetic valences?"

The young stone age artist was forced to consider this problem with a series of deeply rooted grunts, but the young artist of today has many great scientific advavtages. Surrounded as he is by automatic transmissions, he does not hane to take time out from his pursuit of beauty to invent the wheel, and the quick-frozen, instant, momentary speed steaks have replaced raw mastodon meat so that there is now less unrelated matter for him to chew upon.

Indeed, it is my opinion that the mass production miracles of our enlightened age have at last brought the solution to the problem of the young artist! You may well greet this statement with unabashed incredulity or even hydramatic indecision, but I shall endeavor to prove my point.

One verdant noonday I chanced to stroll into a quaint and secluded drug store often frequented by young artists. Instantly I was struck by the ringing confidenceof the voices about me and simultanecusly my sensitive, yet intelligent eyes were transfixed by a canvas held by one of these young bohemians.

" Zounds!" I exclaimed,(for I am often given to such earthily honest exclamations) "Never have I beheld such integrity in a representation of cows in a pasture. How did you achieve this?"

The young artist paused to drain his milkshake with one corpulent gulp and then turned to make his reply. "First you've got to forget all about old hat art stores and go to the five and ten."

"Jove!" I gasped. "To the very seat of our culture! And then?"

"And then you buy one of these," he said, his voice quivering with emotion as he showed me a gaily colored box, "and follow the numbers!"

"Yes!" cheered all the other artists in carefree unison. "Follow the numbers! Do it yourself! Science takes care of the rest!"

But suddenly in the midst of all this rejoicing I chanced to notice one young man sitting apart, his face wrapped in sadness.

"Egad, sir! Why do you not make merry?" I demanded.

He turned to me with the weight of centuries on his brow and whispered a reply that tore at the zippers of my heart. "I'm a ceramic student and I'm waiting for someone to invent a pre-sketched pot!"